



Beau Baker

March 26, 1986 - April 21, 2021

Beau William Baker, age 35, passed away on April 21, 2021 in his home in Shawnee, KS. Visitation will be held from 1-3pm, April 28, 2021 followed by a funeral service at Maple Hill Funeral Home in Kansas City, KS. Beau was born in Overland Park, KS to Lisa Whinery Lewis and Glenn Baker on March 26, 1986. Beau was always seen with his backpack that had his bible, various books from his recovery group, and his note book he was using to work his step program, and jolly ranchers to share at meetings. Beau enjoyed the outdoors, spending time with friends, getting tattoos. Beau loved his mom and Eli deeply and worked hard to make his loved ones proud of him. He leaves behind his wife Krista Jaksich-Baker, his son Elijah (Eli) Baker, 2 daughters Astrid Jaksich-Baker, Vera Jaksich-Baker, mother Lisa Kaye Whinery Lewis, father Glenn Edward Baker, in laws Rodney and Linda Jaksich, step mother Shannon Marie Baker, brother James Logan Baker, sister Kari "Brooke" McCleary, Grandmothers Patricia Rose Baker and Silvia G. Brown, as well as extended family. family members and many friends. Beau attended Shawnee Mission North High School, Shawnee Drive Community of Christ, worked a variety of jobs, most recently at Pizza Hut and enjoyed skateboarding with his son. An affable character who struggled with drug addiction and who was proud to have been clean since Christmas, Beau made a concerted effort since Christmas Day 2020 to be clean. And he took great strides to go through detox, rehab and to get enrolled in the Oxford house. His premature death comes as a shock to all who love him. The family of Beau wishes to extend our sincere thanks to his sponsor, and friends at CMA.

Events

APR **Visitation** 01:00PM - 03:00PM

28

Maple Hill Funeral Home

3300 Shawnee Drive, Kansas City, KS, US, 66106

APR **Funeral Service** 03:00PM

28

Maple Hill Funeral Home

3300 Shawnee Drive, Kansas City, KS, US, 66106

Comments



“ Beau and his family have been in my life since 2002, when I was 14 years old. As a freshman at SMN, I didn't really fit in anywhere yet and on one particular day, I was cutting class under the stairs by the drama classroom (was still naïve enough not to know that it's patrolled and has cameras), when Beau popped in and joined me. He introduced himself and spent a good 30 minutes being friendly to me before we were told by security to get to class. I developed a fascination with him that day - this guy with a fishnet shirt who was nice to me under the stairs.

It didn't take long to find myself in the same social circle as him; my friends from middle school, me and other similar kids all gathered in the back of the lunch room - losers, outcasts, shy-quiet type of kids who found somewhere to be together because we had nowhere else to go. Beau was one of the more well-known kids in the back who was friends with a lot of people and I felt privileged to know him. I connected to him through similar music tastes, a love for skateboarding and a defying will to be against-the-grain.

Beau lived across the street from one of my best friends and once, he humored me into believing I could be his girlfriend for a week. I won't go into details about how much of a failure that week was, but I will begin mentioning the awesome times that came after that.

Powerhouse on Wednesday nights would turn into a weekly hang out at my place. I would get frequent surprise visits to hang out. I helped Mama Lisa move a few times and on one occasion she found out it was my 16th birthday and was the one who baked me a birthday cake. The skatepark became a second home and an excuse for us to meet up with nothing to do. Beau made my first ever candy necklace in his basement with me. I got to hang out at Mimi's house and admire the flowers falling from the tree in the front yard and was educated why we don't drink the cranberry juice in the fridge. We stayed up later than everyone else at some house I'd never been to before and just listened to music and talked all night like the cool kids we thought we were. When I tried to camp out at the skatepark by myself, Beau was worried that I'd be putting myself in danger so he had me walk with him to his place to stay the night. He blessed a ring and gave it to me and I had that ring all the way up until 2018 when I lost all my possessions to toxic mold.

At one point, Beau outgrew me and my annoying need to seek out his attention, but he was never mean to me, ever. Never once. And once I grew out of the fascination that I had for Beau, we had a respectful acknowledgment for each other and all that we done together.

While we didn't have a traditional friendship, it was uniquely one of the very first friendships I had in high school and one of few that intertwined into my adult life. I'll never forget the first time I met him under those stairs, or the last time I saw him - walking to work with his jean jacket and headphones on.

I am so grateful that I have a story to tell about Beau being a part of my life, and I'm so sorry for everyone's loss. I'm sorry that I found out late and that I missed the ability to show support for the family.

Thanks for all the cigarettes you let me bum and for helping make my freshman year amazing at a time in my life when school was an escape. Thanks for all the times I called past 9pm and got you in trouble but you didn't hate me for it. Thanks for helping me have fun.

-J.M.

JM - June 12, 2021 at 11:02 PM



“ I have known Beau Baker since I was in ninth grade and he welcomed me as a part of his group at Shawnee Mission North! He was older and knew the older crowd and made me feel safe and accepted. I had been growing out my hair at the time and he called me Mop. Heheh. Beau always was creative and one of the most unique individuals I have ever had the chance to know. I remember him making funny faces in the lunchroom and putting his mouth on the glass and blowing his cheeks all big and full and funny looking to make me laugh! I guess you lose track of time and think people will be around forever and then suddenly they are gone forever..at least we mostly cannot see them until we get to the other side. You are dearly and sorely missed. I cry for you my dear friend. I hope to meet you again one day in Heaven.

Empty Pages of a Dead Book

I read what you said,
Thought you would be writing soon.
I remember pages of the dead,
And they're long gone.

Ask a man not,
Who he is or what he does.
Ask him where he's been,
What he loves.

And then you'll know,
His memories like dreams are gone,
But not forgotten.

Always & Forever,
Love, Light & Peace
<3~(- Searching Skies (Alex Hilton)



Alex Hilton - April 29, 2021 at 05:14 PM



“ Tish Davis lit a candle in memory of Beau Baker



Tish davis - April 27, 2021 at 07:54 PM



“ Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum was purchased for the family of Beau Baker.



April 27, 2021 at 07:53 PM



“ Dreams From the Heart Bouquet was purchased for the family of Beau Baker.



April 27, 2021 at 05:31 PM



“ Sylvia Brown (grandma) lit a candle in memory of Beau Baker



Sylvia Brown (grandma) - April 27, 2021 at 02:47 PM



“ Ruth Brown (aunt) lit a candle in memory of Beau Baker



Ruth Brown (aunt) - April 26, 2021 at 08:10 PM



“ From: Amber & Philip Brown purchased the Simply Elegant Spathiphyllum for the family of Beau Baker.



From: Amber & Philip Brown - April 26, 2021 at 07:38 PM